

THE DIARY OF K. FRANCO_galviston texas

"IT WAS EARLY IN THE A.M, SIX TO BE EXACT THAT I WAS ON THE FREEWAY . THE TRAFFICE WAS CRAZY ALWAYS ON HIGHWAY 21 BUT , THIS DAY IN PATICULAR IT WAS MORE DANGEROUS THAN EVER. PEOPLE SHUFFLED BUMPER TO BUMPER IN EVERY DIRECTION IN THE DARK WATERY SKY LOOMED OVER HEAD I JUST KEPT CHECKING MY DASH BOARD MIRROR IN HOPES THAT ONE OF THE SHIPS WERENT BEHIND ME OR , ONE OF THOSE THINGS I SAW ON THE NEWS WAS NEAR, CREEPY THEY WERE THE TRIGOBYTES , THE MODIFIED HUMAN EXECUTIONERS WHO WERE SUPPOSE TO REPLACE US. THEY HAD BEEN captured by our government but so little was truly understood about their biology. " just go around jackass, I screamed as some nut thried to bonk his horn at me and he had a clear shot at an exit and then it happened. I looked out my side mirror at the jackass who was trying to make me have a wreck then I saw it, looming into view one of those hover ships, from the space things. People began to panic one by one running from the cars, they frequently snatched people from the freeways the news had warned us. Suddenly the rails on the bridge became unstable and began to wobble. We feared the worst. I looked to my right as a large fisherman put on a life jacket then ,I grimly looked at the water below as the bridge wobbled and none of the idiots in front of me tried to even move arrogant , entitled nutcases who thought the entire thing was a government hoax to change taxes . cables snaped one by one as the bridge came alose, a clinged to the cross on my chest and said a prayed to the holy mother Mary, then my hear sunk into my chest as the bridge front end collapsed inside the water . "holy shit!!!! I screamed as cars tumbled into the murky river waters one by one even a city bus trying to evacuate petrified people from all across the city. The second beam jolted next to my car and I felt my self

plummeting below, my jean jacket became caught in the car door as I tried to escape. "help help I screamed kicking at the surface of the cold water . I looked up at the craft as it shot more beams , strange organic balls into the water. We all continued swimming looking confused.

Whats that ?

I don't fucking know refreshments, what does it look like you stupid cunt? More weapons.

Cunt ? Ill show you cunt when I get out of this water?

I felt my energy fleeting , I was too old to swim to the banks , some sank immediately in the cars , some swam like champs to the shore while others just kept kicking, then I saw it ,oh my did I see it , a strange shadow swimming beneath me too big to be a human.

Then I saw a small girl screaming to me, "it has my leg" I swam to her as fast as could and then right before I got to her, she disappeared into the current, blood surged to the surface of the water.

"aaaaaragaggh!" I scream I didn't have time I just kept swimming 47 wasn't kind to me , neither was the diner I worked at.

Then I saw it underneath again a strange glowing light from below like an aquatic animal . Then people stared to go under one by one . "hey old lady" a group of college teens yelled out to me on a raft. My heart over welmed with joy. "yes baby come over hear I said gurgling water" then the worst happens limbs and heads began erupting out of the

water at high speed “ “gursst” one exploded right by me and I scream “oh god no, sweet mother of mary” an arm torn from its sockets shot straight up in the air as i seen the frog fish monster thing leap straight out of the water to catch it in its mouth before resubmerging. Every one screamed in horror as hundred began a swimming race towards the docks

I felt I strong young arm yank my collar as began to sink, “we got you , your not going any where” I was yanked into the large raft by three kids from the university. “oh my god, I love you guys, I said as I kissed each one of the youngsters on the cheek” they wrapped a blanket around me as I saw my car swimming by. My license plate that says I love galviston . ten foot from the shore the raft exploded sending me and the three kids eight feet in the air , the thing has swam underneath and rambed the raft” all scremeing we landed on the dock one by one , all conscious but wounded. We turned to our right as we saw people dragged below screaming one by one as the space ship hovered above and began to suck the organic balls back into the ship .

The old barn was a safe haven. One hundred people had crammed inside, their homes lost to the rising waters. It wasn't just water, though. The floods were caused by the aliens, strange creatures from the sea that had invaded their world. These aliens were called Trigobytes. They looked like giant crabs with sharp claws and glowing red eyes.

Inside the barn, a mix of fear and exhaustion settled over the survivors. Among them was Sarah, a young woman who had lost her entire family. Next to her sat old Mr. Henderson, his face etched with worry. There

was also a group of children, their eyes wide with fear, huddled together for comfort.

THE BARN OF DEATH

It was 2:00 AM. The moon cast long shadows through the gaps in the barn walls. A strange sound, like a high-pitched hum, began to fill the air. It was faint at first, then grew louder, piercing their ears. Some people clutched their heads, groaning. Others stared blankly ahead, their faces vacant. "No, no did you hear that" a frail man said from the back ground.

"What is that noise?" Sarah whispered, her voice trembling. "it's them , i can just feel it, it's them, the fish things"

Mr. Henderson shook his head, his eyes darting around. "I don't know, child. It's... it's hurting my head." he said before taking a few capsules of pills.

The hum intensified, and a woman near the back of the barn suddenly stood up. Her eyes were glazed over, and she walked towards the barn doors. "I have to... I have to go," she mumbled, her voice robotic. "go where her son asked in tears"

"No, Martha, don't!" Mr. Henderson cried out, but it was

too late. Martha reached for the heavy barn doors, pulling them open with surprising strength.

Outside, the red glow of the Trigobytes' eyes could be seen in the darkness. They stood there, their crab-like bodies silhouetted against the faint moonlight. The hum seemed to emanate from them, a weapon of sorts. "fuck her let her die" some one said." as others stood by silent full of fear.

Martha stepped out into the night. The Trigobytes advanced, their claws clicking on the muddy ground. Sarah watched in horror as Martha, without a sound of protest, walked right into the waiting claws. A sickening crunch echoed through the night.

Panic erupted inside the barn. People screamed, their faces pale with terror. "They're making us do it!" a man shouted. "They're making us kill ourselves!" they all began grabbing weapons and panicking.

Another person, a young man named David, suddenly stood up. His eyes, too, had that vacant stare. "I... I can't stand this noise anymore," he slurred, stumbling towards the doors.

"David, no!" Sarah pleaded, grabbing his arm. But his strength was unnatural. He pulled away, his eyes fixed on the alien creatures. He walked out, and the same horrifying scene unfolded. they became violent when you tried to stop them from leaving and people slowly gave up on tried to stop them.

"We have to do something!" Mr. Henderson said, his

voice hoarse. "We can't just stand here and wait to be killed!"

"But what can we do?" a woman sobbed. "That sound... it's too strong."

Sarah looked at the children, their faces smeared with tears. She couldn't let them be hurt. She had to find a way. Her eyes fell on a pile of old blankets and sacks in a corner of the barn. An idea began to form.

"We need to block out the sound!" she exclaimed. "We need to cover our ears, our heads! Anything!"

The idea spread like wildfire. People started tearing strips from the blankets, stuffing them into their ears. They used sacks, anything they could find, to cover their heads. The frantic dialogue continued, but now it was laced with a desperate hope.

"Quick, everyone! Cover your ears!"

"I can't find anything!"

"Use this cloth!"

"Are you sure this will work?"

The hum was still there, a relentless pressure against their minds. But as more people covered their ears, the intensity seemed to lessen. Some of the vacant stares flickered, replaced by a dawning awareness.

"It's... it's helping," Mr. Henderson breathed, his hands

pressed firmly over his ears.

But the Trigobytes were not done. They began to move, their crab-like legs scuttling forward. They were no longer content to wait for the sound to do its work. They were coming for them.

"They're coming!" someone screamed.

Sarah looked at the barn doors. They were still open, and the Trigobytes were getting closer. The sound was still a threat, even with their makeshift earplugs. They couldn't stay in the barn.

"We have to run," she said, her voice firm despite her fear. "We have to get out of here. We'll go out the back. There's a smaller door. It might be less guarded."

The group hesitated. The thought of facing the Trigobytes was terrifying. But the thought of staying and succumbing to the sound was even worse.

"She's right," Mr. Henderson said. "We have to try. We have to protect the children."

With a newfound resolve, the hundred survivors began to move. They shuffled towards the back of the barn, their hearts pounding in their chests. The dialogue became hushed whispers, urgent instructions, and murmured prayers.

"Stay together!"

"Don't make any noise!"

"Watch out for the floorboards!"

As they reached the small back door, they could hear the heavy thuds of the Trigobytes' claws on the barn floor, growing closer. The hum, though muffled, still throbbed in their ears.

Sarah pushed open the back door. A gust of damp, salty air hit them. The night was dark, but the faint glow of the alien creatures illuminated the immediate surroundings. They spilled out of the barn, scattering into the darkness, their only hope to outrun the monsters and the mind-bending sound that threatened to drive them to their own doom. The climax had arrived, and the fight for survival had just begun.